

WHEN BABY FELL.

The time our baby fell an' broke...

An' father, he ist couldn't bear...

An' Polus, he's our hired man...

An' Elizabeth, she lives with us...

The time our baby broke his arm...

My ma an' me, she's always thank...

Bertha and her elder sister Ella...

Bertha with an open book in her lap...

"Absolutely," said Bertha, firmly...

"Well," persisted Bertha, "it's his fault..."

"I'm glad you said 'tried,'" said Bertha...

"There you are again!" cried Bertha excitedly...

"I see you've brought back my presents..."

"Oh, no, not at all," insisted Mr. Markham...

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answered at it with a singular eagerness...

"Please say I'm not at home."

"Oh, I'm not afraid to see him, if it comes to that!"

"You'll do the explaining, dear, won't you?"

Mr. Markham bowed quietly as he entered the room...

"I have brought a few things with me which I must ask your sister to let me return..."

"Oh, it's too late now!" interrupted Bertha...

"Oh, I quite understand that," said Mr. Markham...

"But I hope you will believe that I am very sorry about it all..."

"Absolutely," said Bertha, firmly. "I waited till yesterday to give him the chance to call and apologize..."

"Well," persisted Bertha, "it's his fault. He began it. I shouldn't have said anything if he hadn't danced with that Jessie Hamilton twice running..."

"I'm glad you said 'tried,'" said Bertha derisively. "It was all arranged beforehand. I told him so at the first opportunity..."

"There you are again!" cried Bertha excitedly, as he turned on her sister with that she evidently considered a triumphant vindication of her rights...

"I see you've brought back my presents," she said coldly. "But you need not have bothered, I'm sure. I was going to send yours back to-night. I've got them all packed up..."

"Oh, they don't matter, I assure you," Mr. Markham hastened to assure her.

"Er—yes, I suppose that is so," said Mr. Markham, reflectively, as he continued to brush his hat with extraordinary diligence...

"I don't dare say you're very glad to be out of it," said Bertha, stifling a big sigh of resignation...

"Oh, no, not at all," insisted Mr. Markham. "I'm rather sorry in one way, you know, because I thought—"

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was getting it away from him we pulled the tassel off between us...

"Why," she cried, glancing at his workmanship, "you've sewn it on with white cotton, and—dangling it by the tassel before him, derisively—"

"Oh, quite so," said Mr. Markham. "I'm sorry I mentioned it. Only, you see, this is the first time I have had to perform a melancholy duty of this kind, and I thought—"

"Oh, you do think it melancholy, then? And whose fault is it, I should like to know?"

"I don't say you don't think I am altogether to blame!" she cried sarcastically. "Of course you've done nothing to be ashamed of!"

"I don't say that at all, I mean—" "Well," said Bertha, coldly, "I don't think we can discuss the matter with advantage now, thank you. I understand you desire to leave these"—and she indicated the "presents"—with a majestic sweep of the hand—"and that is all."

"Quite so," said Mr. Markham, picking up his hat and resuming the brushing operation with a vigor that amounted almost to brutality. "Only, as I say, I felt I ought to explain—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, thank you," said Bertha, with tremendous dignity. "You shall have yours back by to-night."

"I really don't want them," insisted Mr. Markham, backing a little towards the door.

"Oh, yes, you may want them for Jessie," she said in a tone of withering sarcasm.

Mr. Markham paused in his retreat and came back to the table prepared to argue the matter.

"Jessie who?" he asked, with a bewildered look. "I don't understand you."

"Oh, yes, you do," she retorted. "Do you think I sat out that dance with my eyes shut? And all the time she was pretending to be my friend. I'll never speak to her again as long as I live, the horrid little cat!"

Mr. Markham put his hat down on the table with deliberation.

"I really can't imagine why you should think Miss Hamilton is anything to me," he said. "Why, she isn't even good-looking."

"Yes, she is ugly, isn't she?" said Bertha, betrayed into a confidential tone. "And her hair is red, isn't it? She tries to say it's a fashionable shade of art brown; but everybody knows it's red. Of course, we've been friends, and all that, you know; but you can't always choose your friends just where you want them, and she never did come up to my idea of a true friend, and she couldn't have been or she wouldn't have schemed to get you away from me at the dance—"

"Oh, but," said Mr. Markham, leaning comfortably on the table and unconsciously acknowledging the confidential development of the interview, "that was quite an accident; it was, really, I mixed up the dances."

"And I kept that one for you specially."

"Yes; that's what I'm so sorry about. But I should have thought there would have been plenty of fellows who would have jumped at the chance of asking you the moment they saw you weren't claimed for that dance. There is always a run on the prettiest girl in the room, and—"

Bertha so far forgot the solemnity of the occasion as to look up at Mr. Markham and smile.

"I did look nice, didn't I?" she suggested. "Everybody tells me I look very nice in pink."

"I think you look nice in anything," asserted Mr. Markham, with a pleasing candor, as by the merest accident his right hand, which was traveling aimlessly across the table, ran into Bertha's which was proceeding apparently with a similar indecision of purpose.

About an hour after Mr. Markham's last observation, Sister Ella darted suddenly into the room, calling for Bertha to come out into the garden. Bertha was standing near the window, and Mr. Markham was standing very near to Bertha with his arm unmistakably round her.

"I beg your pardon, Bertha, dear," protested Ella, as she retreated in confusion. "I did not know you were engaged!"—Pennsylvania Grit.

A Substitute for Work. "Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the father; "what won't science discover! If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."—Success Magazine.

When a widow tells a man he is "different," that's his cue to sit up and take notice.

Blessed are they who expect little, for they usually get it.

Old Favorites

How Betsy and I Made Up. Give me your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day?

You drew up that agreement—I s'pose you want your pay; Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;

For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Go'n' home that evenin', I tell you I was blue.

Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do; And, if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive, They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load; No—for I was travelin' an' entirely different road;

For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in, And seen' where we miss'd the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turn'd that just to a quarrel led, When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;

And the more I thought it over the more these memories came, And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind, Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy was good and kind;

And these things they flash'd all through me, as you know things sometimes will, When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track, And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back;

And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two, And so I set my teeth together, and wov'd I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night, And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen's light;

Which often a ha'wome pictur' to a hungry person makes, But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me— As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;

And I cramm'd the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could, And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house, But she watch'd my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup, And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I draw'd the agreement out, And give it to her without a word, for she know'd what 'twas about,

And then I humm'd a little tune, but now and then a note Was bust'd by some animal that hopp'd up in my throat.

Then Betsy she got her specs from off the mantel shelf, And read the article over quite softly to herself;

Read it little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old, And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch, And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;

But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears, And kiss'd me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire— But I picked up that agreement and stuff'd it in the fire;

And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow; And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash, If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;

But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while; And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see

That that 'ere written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X; Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks;

I'm richer than a National bank, with all its treasures told, For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

—Will Carleton.

STRENGTH OF SILK.

How the Yarn is Weakened by the Modern Method of Treatment. Silk science is changing. If the silk dresses of fifty years ago are compared with many of the silk articles manufactured at the present day it requires no elaborate tests to show the superiority in strength of the older materials.

This usually is due to the fact that silk yarns now are frequently treated with metallic salts, such as tin chloride, which are readily absorbed, forming insoluble compounds and thus increasing the weight of the fiber. So prevalent did this practice become some years ago that even the manufacturers recognized the necessity of putting some limit to it.

Apart from the fact that one is buying a compound of silk with a metal instead of pure silk this treatment frequently causes the fibers to become tender, especially after exposure to direct sunlight.

From Herr Streblener's experiments it was found that taking the strength of genuine silk as 50 to 53 the strength of a sample of loaded French silk containing 140 per cent of added material was only 7.9. Not only does the weighting process reduce the tenacity of the fiber and often destroy the dye stuff but also is a frequent cause of the appearance of mysterious spots.

Often bright red spots appear on a fabric after exposure to the sunlight. It has been found that even a diluted solution of common salt acts upon loaded silk in the presence of air and moisture and produces stains and complete disintegration of fiber within twelve months. The action of stronger solutions of salt is still more rapid, and the "tendency" of the fiber is marked after treatment for seven days with a 2 per cent solution.

The presence of salt in stained and weakened silk may be accounted for readily by the fact that salt is a constituent of human perspiration and thus may have been introduced during the handling of the yarns by the workmen.

Special precautions are now taken to eliminate this source of injury, and the disintegrating action of the tin salts upon the fibers also is reduced by a subsequent chemical treatment of the yarn. So the weighted silks of to-day are stronger than their predecessors of a few years back.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

Romantic Indian Legend of This Beautiful Flower. There is a beautiful romance connected with the Cherokee rose. A young Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire.

As he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior the daughter of the latter, a young, dark faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain and wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him.

She consented. Before they had gone far, impelled by regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent and, preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the southern states by the name of the Cherokee rose.—Philadelphia North American.

A London Term. "Where will I find the blouses?" asked the woman who had just returned from London.

"De blouses!" exclaimed the elevator man, staring pop-eyed and vague. "De blouses—w'y, dey mus' be on de—scuse me, madam, you'd better ask de floorwalker."

"Certainly, madam, second floor. James, take the lady to the second floor—blouses—lawngery waist, y' know."

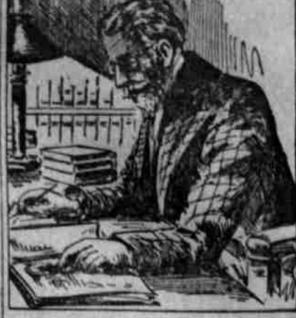
The Most Dangerous Capital. London, which used to boast of being the quietest and safest capital of the world, has become noisier than Paris and more dangerous than New York. Nearly 300 persons are now killed annually by street accidents, and how many more just escape with their lives cannot be computed.—Outlook.

A Real Strain. A land agent in the great Northwest had just described the incredible riches of the region. Some one protested, and he defended himself, says a writer in the Outlook, with a paradox: "The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whopper to express it!"

Don't feel sorry for a man because he is cheap. He doesn't know he is cheap; he thinks he is superior.

To Make Boston Good. Sixty prominent Boston clubwomen have conceived the idea of influencing the people of their city for good by means of advertisements. "Curing Boston by suggestion," one paper has it. The plan is to placard the city with posters bearing such sentiments as "The greatest possession is self-possession." "We gain the strength of the temptation we resist," and others designed to give the people who see them an inspiration toward a higher plane of thinking and living.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1497—Henry VII. granted a second patent to John Cabot to make a western voyage of discovery.

1770—Americans defeated the British on Port Royal island, South Carolina.

1789—First issue of the "Pittsburgh Gazette," the first newspaper west of the Allegheny mountains.

1804—Great dinner given in Washington by members of Congress in honor of President Jefferson.

1807—Burr's conspiracy communicated to Congress.

1812—Gideon Granger of Connecticut became Postmaster General of the United States.

1824—The Virginia Legislature chartered the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company.

1829—City Council of New York took action to abolish lotteries.

1830—Daniel Webster made his great speech for the Union, in reply to Robert Y. Hayne.

1835—Richard Lawrence, a house painter, attempted to assassinate President Jackson in the capitol at Washington.

1848—A convention at Madison accepted a constitution for Wisconsin.

1850—Henry Clay submitted compromise resolutions in Congress proposing an amicable settlement of the slavery controversy.

1855—Chapel and west wing of Rutledge College, S. C., destroyed by fire.

1860—Pennington, of New Jersey, elected speaker of the House of Representatives, after balloting nearly two months.

1861—Texas convention passed an ordinance of secession.

1862—United States iron-clad ship Monitor launched at Brooklyn.

1863—The Federal ram "Queen of the West" ran the blockade at Vicksburg, but was captured a few days later by the Confederates.

1864—A draft of 500,000 men ordered by President Lincoln.

1865—Gen. Sherman left Savannah on his northward march. Military court at Cincinnati ordered S. B. Davis to be hanged as a Confederate spy.

1868—Gov. Jenkins of Georgia removed by order of Gen. Meade. Three million dollar fire in Chicago.

1869—Lord Lisgar assumed office as governor-general of Canada. Opening of Booth's theater in New York City.

1874—The Olympie Theater, Philadelphia, destroyed by fire.

1875—Attempt to capture the James brothers at their home in Kearney, Mo., resulted in the killing of their younger brother and the wounding of their mother.

1876—Famous bank robbery occurred at Northampton, Mass.